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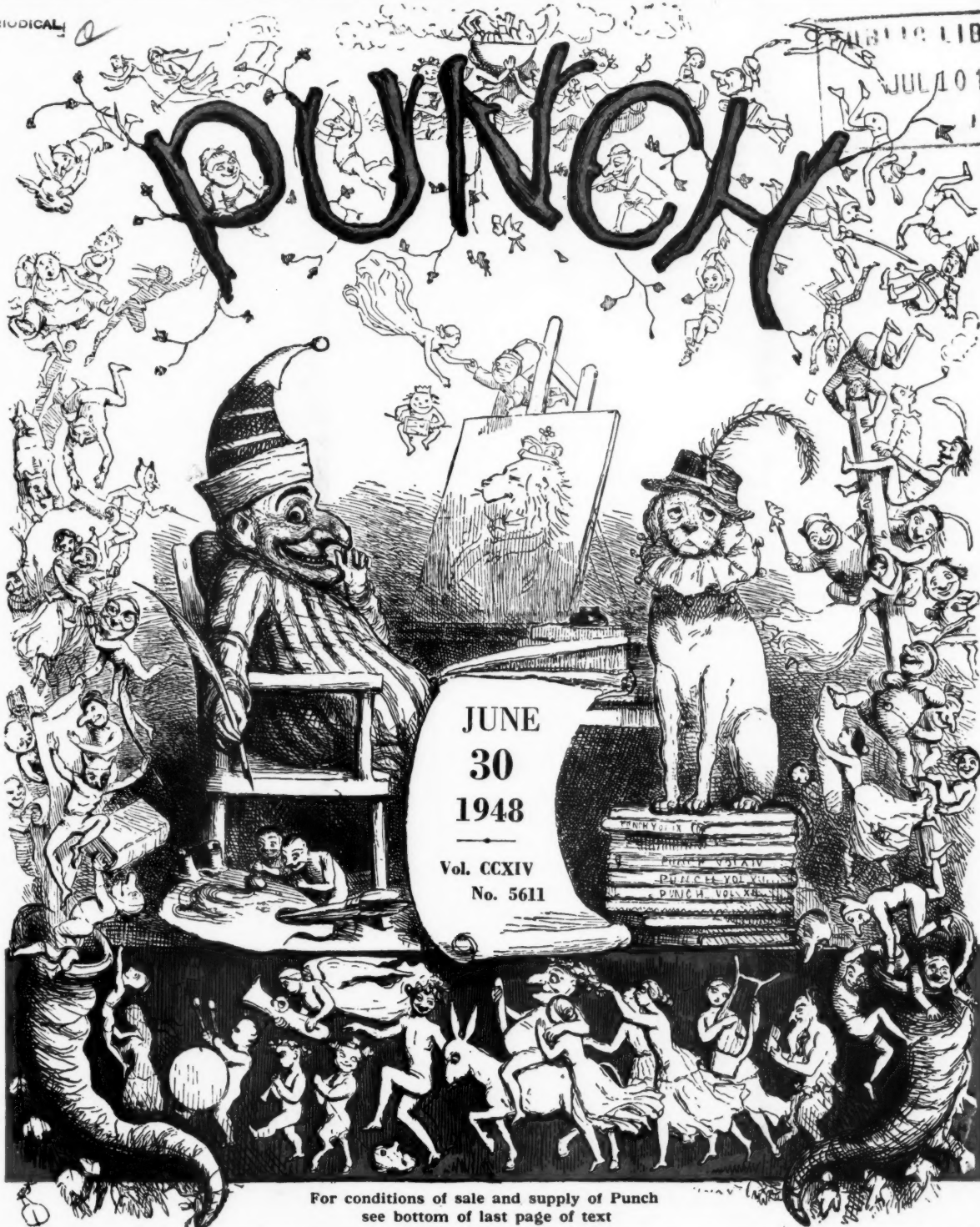
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Vol. CCXIV  
No. 5611

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## Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN  
GREAT BRITAIN

*The man in the Singer  
is the man in  
the know*



THE SUPER TEN SALOON

There are three Singers—the Nine, the Ten and the Twelve. Each, as the car-wise have known for some time, is more than commonly well worth waiting for.

**SINGER MOTORS**

SINGER MOTORS LTD · BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY

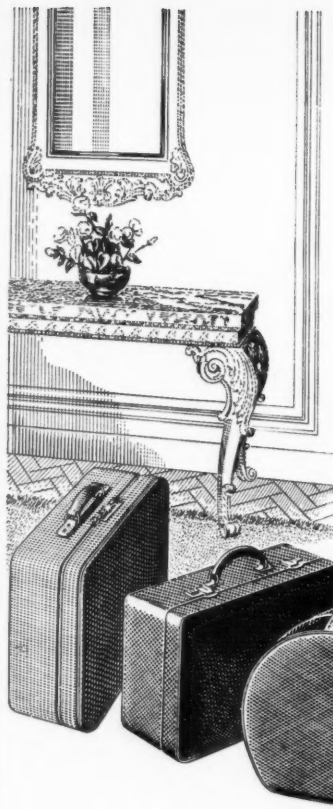
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**CROSSE & BLACKWELL**



*Delicious* **SALAD CREAM**



**ANTLER**

*The most distinguished name  
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Superb workmanship, inspired design and beauty of finish have created a world-wide demand for ANTLER Travel Goods and enabled them to play their part in the Export drive. Limited supplies are occasionally available on the Home Market and if you are fortunate enough to obtain an ANTLER you will be surprised how inexpensive it is.

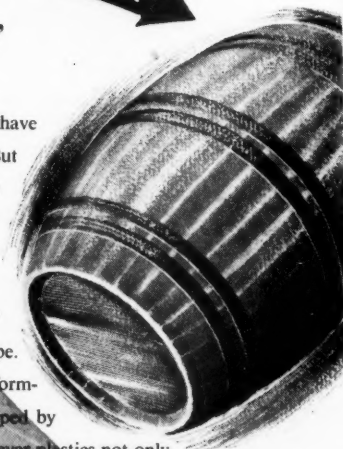
J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3

**A BEETLE IMPROVED PRODUCT**

Beetle Cement—a product of B.I.P. research—enables barrels to be made more quickly from laminated staves.

We  
**'Roll out the barrel'**  
a new way

For centuries barrel staves have been cut from solid oak. But oak is scarce. Staves are now made of several thin layers of birch with oak face laminations, the whole being bonded with 'Beetle' Cement and pressed into shape. The staves have greater uniformity and don't have to be shaped by steaming and bending. However plastics not only help the cooper. There's the tinker and tailor and anyone else who's awake to quicker and better production methods. Our research and development men are constantly employed working out time and money saving notions. Why not call them in?



**BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LIMITED**  
1 Argyll Street, W.1.



**James Gordon**  
MODEL

**COATS  
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JAMES & GORDON, LTD. (Wholesale only) LONDON, W.1.



**WILL IT?**

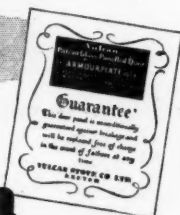
Yes, it will go down, but it'll bob up again. Now, say you have a dress made from a fabric branded **TEBILIZED**. It will straighten itself out, if it gets crushed, in much the way that wool does. There are Utility rayons branded **TEBILIZED** in the shops now. They are not *uncrushable*; but they have been given a power to resist and recover from creasing. So next time you buy dress material, or a ready-made frock, insist on the key word **TEBILIZED**.

**FABRICS BRANDED TEBILIZED  
FOR TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE**

*You may* **LOOK** *now*



Vulcan throws a new light on cooking. No need to guess now — you can watch the food in your oven, through the unbreakable Glass Panel that stays clear and keeps in the heat. Other Vulcan features are, thumb control heat regulator, safety taps, extra smooth lines — with closing cover plate and no outside pipes.



*It's worth looking into, the*

**Vulcan**  
REVELATION IN GAS COOKING  
VULCAN STOVE CO. LTD., BREXET

ESTABLISHED  OVER 100 YEARS

*You will find  
London's best value in  
Diamond Rings at*

**Saqui  
and  
Lawrence** Ltd.

**of Piccadilly Circus**



Here is a superb collection of fine quality diamonds in new and exclusive platinum settings. Some lovely pre-war rings too, set with diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, rubies. Their beauty is matchless, their value supreme. A cordial welcome awaits you at our showrooms, and expert advice and guidance on your choice. Why not call in to-day?

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1, and  
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*Saqui and Lawrence Ltd. have other fine showrooms throughout London and the Provinces.*

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DIAMOND MERCHANTS • WATCHMAKERS • JEWELLERS

LEADERS FOR VALUE IN FINE DIAMOND RINGS





### Approving glances . . .

follow the man who wears "Van Heusen," the collar that is always perfect in set, distinguished in appearance and supreme in comfort. Wonderful, the difference a "Van Heusen" collar makes!

**"VAN HEUSEN"**

The perfect Semi-stiff Collar



Manufactured by  
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD.  
London • Taunton

*Henry Cotton*

always  
wears and recommends -

**LOTUS**



The row of spikes set at an angle on the inner edge of the sole remain firmly embedded and retain their grip when the foot is tilted at the end of the stroke.

*Anglespike Shoes for Golf*

THE NEW  
*Streamline*  
**SPARKLET**



Beautiful and distinctive . . . in chromium or enamel with red, green or black relief. Price complete with Drip Tray 74/9d. Supplies very limited.

REPAIR SERVICE—Old Sparklets Syphons can now be renovated or repaired quickly at moderate cost . . . Write for particulars of the New Streamline Syphons or Syphon Repair Service to:

SPARKLETS LTD. LONDON N18



**WILL R. ROSE LTD**  
23 BRIDGE ST. ROW, CHESTER  
133/134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD  
25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM  
and get 'MAGNA' PRINTS (1000)

FOR ECONOMY

**"OKILL" PRESSURE GAUGE**  
Regd. (or INDICATOR)

for measuring the magnitude of rapidly pulsating pressures in Cylinders, Pumps, Fuel Injection Pumps, and I.C. Engines. Ask for Literature.

GEORGE TAYLOR (Dress Founders) Ltd., GILTON, Eng.



**FIX A 'RISTEX' LIGHTER**  
to your  
WATCH/  
STRAP.

NICKEL  
SILVER  
14/-  
'RISTEX'  
GOLD  
FINISH  
16/-  
Postage 6d.

Neat and handy. Strikes like a match. No springs. No wheels. An ideal gift.

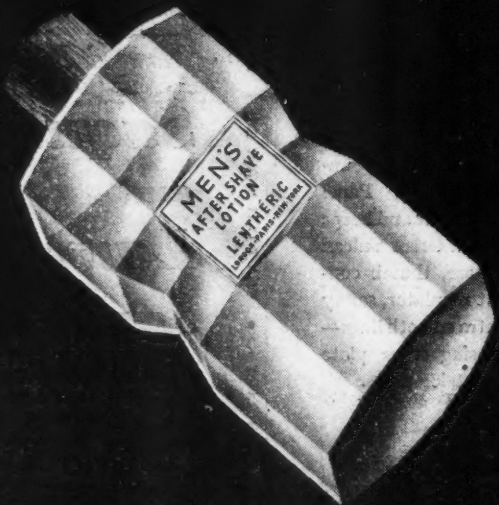
**RISTEX LIGHTER**



From Tobacconists or direct from  
Commercial Transocean (London) Ltd.,  
4/22, Seamore Place, London, W.1.

Trade  
enquiries  
invited.

Quiet perfect grooming



For men by **LENTHERIC**

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NEW YORK

Nothing seems  
impossible  
when your  
energy  
springs  
from

**TUROG**

BROWN BRAND

Difficulty with supplies? Then write to—  
SPILLERS LTD., 40, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.3

**KEEPS WHITE SHOES WHITE**



ORIGINAL WHITE SHOE CLEANER  
SUPPLIES STILL LIMITED

*Warning*

Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd.,  
Sheffield, England are sole  
proprietors and manufacturers of  
"BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner  
No other White Cleaners are called  
"BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."



## Record of distinction...



A tale of escape to freedom began the rise to fame of La Tropical de Luxe Cigars. In 1875, a company of exiles, fleeing from the Spanish Oppression in Cuba, found in Jamaica not only sanctuary, but an ideal climate and soil for the growing of fine tobacco.

To these men, with a life-long knowledge of tobacco cultivation, this was happy circumstance indeed. There and then they established the firm of Machado, and today La Tropical de Luxe Cigars remain unrivalled for their exquisite delicacy of flavour and their delightful mildness and bouquet.

Obtainable in all the usual sizes, from 2/5d. each.

### LA TROPICAL

DE LUXE

*Finest Jamaican Cigars*

*Manufactured by the*

B. & J. B. Machado Tobacco Co. Ltd., Kingston, Jamaica.

*Imported solely by Lambert & Butler of Drury Lane*

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

LTSH

## We too, serve Travellers



No DOUBT many of those who caught the Stage Coach at The George in Aldersgate in the eighteenth century called first at the sign of The Black Horse in Lombard Street to fill their purses for the journey. To-day we

can offer the traveller a much wider range of services. It is our endeavour to preserve the traditional friendliness and close personal contact with our customers which were such distinctive features of the old banking houses whose premises were so long graced by the sign of the Black Horse.

Let  
**LLOYDS BANK**  
look after your  
interests

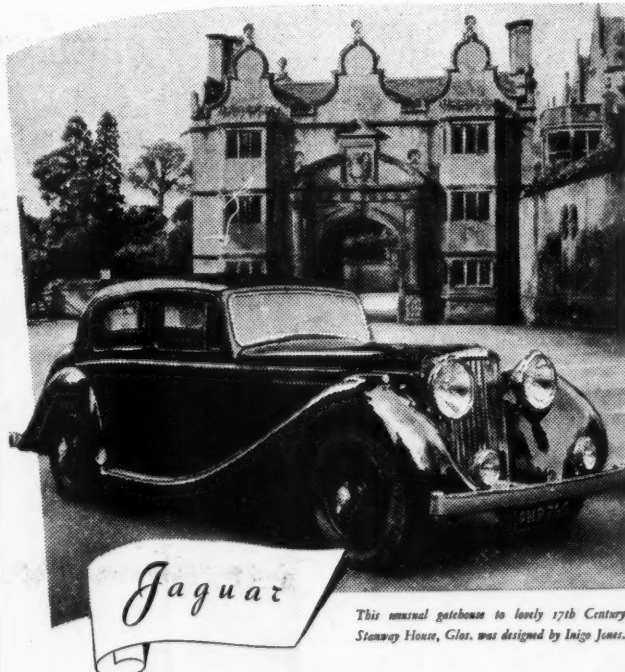


Before the meal — a Sandeman Sherry, slightly chilled. Afterwards — a glass of one of Sandeman's incomparable Ports. This is the traditional tribute from host to guest and to fine food.

## SANDEMAN

PORT & SHERRY

SDO



*Jaguar*

*This mural gateway to lovely 17th Century Stanway House, Glas. was designed by Inigo Jones.*

Occupying a unique position in British Motoring, the Jaguar, at the same time, enjoys universal approval. Tangible evidence of this has been given at the Paris, Geneva and Brussels Exhibitions as well as throughout the Empire and the Americas. Jaguar Cars are naturally proud of their success in Britain's export drive. Jaguar Cars Limited, Holbrook Lane, Coventry.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

# ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

While still restricted at home we are exporting again

*See what I've got!*



Bless the boy—he's actually found a rare and precious tin of Nescafé for elevenpence! Made in an instant, right in the cup; no grounds, no bother; good to the last spoonful.

## NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

37



## PRIORITY ONLY

Limited quantities of PARKER-KNOLL chairs are being made for supply to schools, hotels, institutions, hospitals, etc., against priority permits. Full particulars will be sent on request, explaining how they may be obtained.

# Parker-Knoll

PARKER-KNOLL LTD., TEMPLE END, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

Also manufactured in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, Singapore, etc.

CV3-20



Good, pure delicious food. A treat to eat—and easily digested

Enquiries to: MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. 11 BROX' GLASGOW.

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—nature's cure for many ills, yet unattainable by thousands of mothers and children living in our crowded cities and towns. Church Army Fresh Air Department makes holidays possible. Please help this work by sending a gift to The Rev. Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.



There is no better remedy. Plaisters price 2½d. each, Powders 1½d., Dredgers 5d., Combination Pack 9d. From Boots, Taylors and most good chemists and stores.

*It's safer  
It's quicker  
It's easier  
It's surer!*

## Stuart Crystal

It is always a joy to possess beautiful glass. In Stuart Crystal you have some of the finest examples of English craftsmanship—each piece a delight to the eye.



In the  
home  
for a  
**LIFETIME**

No. F.I. 2-pint Cafe Teapot. Stocked by leading Ironmongers and Stores. Price 7/6

## SWAN BRAND

ALUMINIUM DOMESTIC WARE & ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

*Identified by the Quality*

BULPITT & SONS LTD. (Dept. U), ST. GEORGE'S WORKS, ICKNIELD ST., B'HAM 18



BRITISH RAILWAYS

## Improved Summer Services

now in operation

- More trains for holiday travellers
- More Restaurant and Buffet Cars
- More expresses on which seats may be reserved in advance

Although every available passenger coach will be in service, even at the expense of interior and exterior decoration, we are still short of 6,000 coaches — therefore some standing at peak periods is inevitable

takes you there

Sit in comfort in a reserved armchair — B.E.A. gets you there quickly, on time, without fuss. B.E.A. regular services take you to the cities and islands of Britain and to the capitals and main towns of Europe



and brings you back



# BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Book through Travel Agents (no booking fee) or B.E.A. Offices in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast, etc.

WHEN YOU'RE FEELING  
'PECKISH'

*think of*

# PECK'S

FISH & MEAT  
PASTES



JAR SHORTAGE.  
Please return your  
empty jars to your  
grocer.

HARRY PECK & CO LTD. DEVONSHIRE GROVE, LONDON, S.E.15.

## Why 'French' Mustard?



The word "French," as applied to beans or bread, dressing or mustard, refers to *type* rather than *nationality*. If you want the best of any of these things you must go to the people who grow or make the best.

The best French Mustard depends for its excellence upon the mustard-seed (and no one uses finer than Colman's) and upon the skill with which it is mixed to a smooth creaminess with pure vinegar and aromatic herbs (and who has greater experience of this than Colman's?).

So if your inclination runs to "French," let your discrimination lead you to Colman's—Colman's French Mustard.

**COLMAN'S French MUSTARD**





TO BECOME a customer of the Westminster Bank is not at all difficult. Your reception at the Bank will be friendly, the formalities slight—and you certainly do not need to have a lot of money. Why not call at your local branch now and prove these things for yourself.

**WESTMINSTER BANK**  
LIMITED



**"Come in, chum! . . ."**

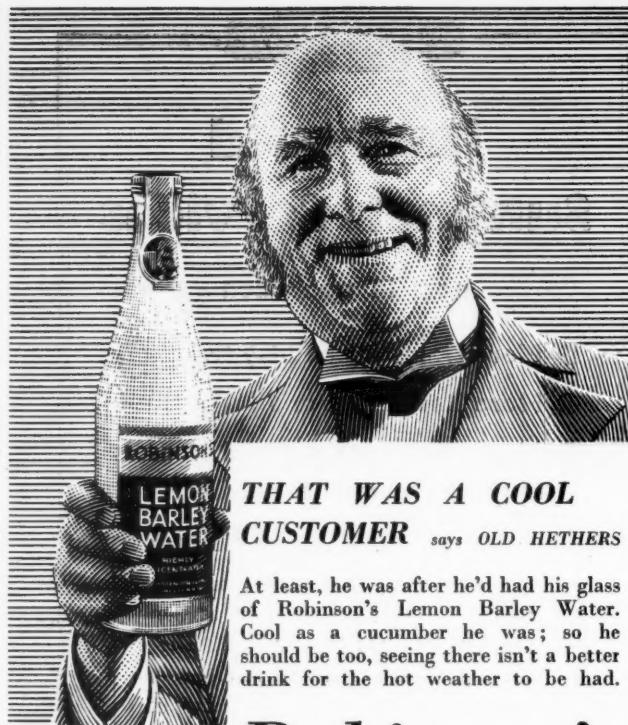
When your son steps out into the world and perhaps leaves home to live among strangers for the first time, it will mean a lot to you to know that he is finding the right kind of friends.

Every day, the Y.M.C.A. is doing for somebody's son what you would wish someone to do for yours. At home and abroad, for young men in the Forces and others embarking on civilian careers, it provides the means of physical, mental and spiritual refreshment. It offers the interests, friendships and encouragements every young man needs when he can no longer live at home.

Will you help the Y.M.C.A. to maintain and extend its work for other men's sons . . . and maybe your own? Please give generously and promptly.

Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund: 112, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)



**THAT WAS A COOL CUSTOMER** says OLD HETHERS

At least, he was after he'd had his glass of Robinson's Lemon Barley Water. Cool as a cucumber he was; so he should be too, seeing there isn't a better drink for the hot weather to be had.

3/- a bottle

**Robinson's**  
**LEMON BARLEY WATER**

CVS-1645

**Two happy smiles! BUT -**

**Miss FOOLISH**  
only cleans  
her teeth . . .

**Miss WISE**  
safeguards hers  
by keeping gums  
healthy too!

80% of people suffer from gum trouble! S.R. Toothpaste contains sodium ricinoleate to strengthen gums against disease, and S.R. keeps teeth sparkling clean too!

**S.R. TOOTH PASTE**  
Standard size 1/4  
Large size 2/-  
(both inc. tax)

GR 1018-100-55



# PUNCH

Or

*The London Charivari*



Vol. CCXIV No. 5611

June 30 1948

## Charivaria

A GOLF professional cut the first sod of a new housing estate in the Midlands. He then had to be forcibly restrained from replacing the turf.

"I woke up on the first morning of my Swiss holiday to see mountain goats rubbing themselves against the walls of the remote hotel where I stayed," says a correspondent.

A high polish is obtained by this method—especially by chamois.



A sports writer declares that we shall never be able to hold our own in the tennis world until our youngsters are taught to handle a racket as soon as they can walk. This is better, of course, than just teaching them to say "Sorry, partner," as soon as they can talk.

The aeroplane is beginning to play its part in agriculture, we read. There is an ominous rumour in rural districts that Whitehall is contemplating the possibility of leaflet raids.

"In connection with the still prevailing polio at Singapore, transit passengers and crew members will not be permitted to go ashore, whilst, for no reason whatsoever visitors will not be admitted on board."—*Shipping Intelligence in "Straits Times."*

Fair enough.

A centenarian admits that as a boy he caused his parents some anxiety. He attributed his childhood lapses to the baneful influence of the panorama.

A scientist declares that it is not really natural for people to sit down. This explains the comparative rarity of shooting-sticks in fish queues.

It is suggested that all the famous British caves should become the property of the State. A start has already been made with the nationalization of Euston Station.

"Story conditions on the North Sea confined the Aberdeen fishing fleet to harbour."—*Liverpool paper.*

Aberdeen story conditions?

"Moisten the thumb, hold it up in the air and you can instantly tell which way the wind is blowing," a writer reminds us. Motorists say this must be the explanation of a gesture they often see hikers making by the roadside.



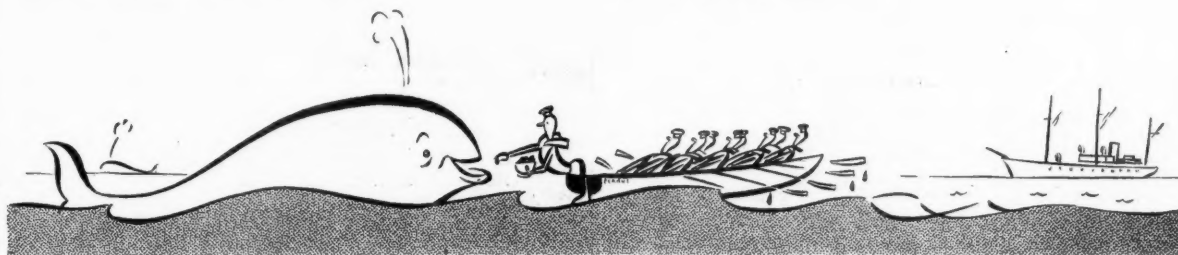
Newspapers with their restricted space cannot publish all the news. But busy editors are apt to be brusque with readers who ring up after breakfast and ask if anything else happened.

"Young lady required to look after shop 16 to 20 years."

*Adet. in Sussex paper.*

Owner in a queue for something?

A scientist doing margarine research proposes feeding whales on ground-nuts.



## Amos Revisited

II

"THE amount of the premium placed by the average person on stupidity," observed Amos one evening when he was in a very withering mood, "may be gauged from one of his favourite phrases, which implies that it is rather a dishonourable thing—at least, that it makes one worthy of contempt—to be quite sure on which side one's bread is buttered."

In the middle of his description of the career of a certain newspaper leader-writer, Amos declared "This stage of his life can best, I think, be described as the one in which he became the prematurely white-haired boy of the Editor of the *Daily* —."

"But he talks to himself," said someone, about the above-mentioned character.

"Oh, to do him justice (distasteful though the process is), that wouldn't matter," Amos said at once, "if only he didn't give every appearance of actually believing what he says."

He caused great surprise once by announcing that he had been in the pub already that day, as early as eleven-thirty in the morning. "I wanted an early lunch, and she," he said (jerking his head at the barmaid), "was just getting the labels ready to stick on the piles of sandwiches. But what I was going to say was that for the first time in my life I am very powerfully moved to indulge in that favourite moron's-pursuit of altering a displayed notice. Most of the usual glosses—I do not include the addition of whiskers and spectacles to what a poster-artist or photographer presumably considers a fine-looking face, even when it can, as it very often can, be considered an improvement—are unsatisfactory because they make the result flat and meaningless; Wait Until the Rain Stops, that kind of thing is unworthy of an annotator's time. But my newly-acquired knowledge of the sandwiches concerned," he went on, looking up at the counter, "makes it very tempting indeed to alter *that* label, with a couple of trifling adjustments, so that it reads FOG AND LETTUCE."

Amos had got up to leave one evening during some talk about a new book that only he, of all those present, happened to have read. He paused at the door in a way indicating that he had prepared some remark about it which he was determined not to allow anybody to cap.

"I could give you a summary," he said, getting outside the door and sticking his head in, "but it would be pretty wintry," and disappeared.

His ruthlessness when he feels disinclined to be bored is considerable, though he does, sometimes, regret it afterwards. One evening, when a fat man in a small round hat showed signs of being about to monopolize the ear of the company for a time, Amos got up, went to the bar and brought back an ill-looking acquaintance who had appeared to be diffidently standing apart. Holding the arm of this unfortunate and pointing at him with his other hand, Amos said to the fat man (who was in the middle of a sentence): "Did he ever tell you about his operation?"

Then he sat down, ostentatiously looking at neither of them. It was only the noisy irruption of a seller of evening papers that prevented quite an uncomfortable silence.

He will never admit to having a hangover. "Well," he said on one occasion, the day after a rowdy evening

when everyone had drunk rather more than usual, "perhaps I did feel this morning a *little* . . . I'll tell you how it was: I felt that everything I looked at, while unquestionably motionless and in the right place, had reached it—after being an inch or two above or below—just one-fifth of a second before."

Amos said he was entertained—"Even if you aren't," he snapped, seeming to detect some atmosphere of disagreement or scepticism in the silence that fell as he spoke—by the reflection that it was the *unbending* person who in fact never *unbent*. "During the war, too," he went on with a fluency that strongly suggested he had prepared this catalogue earlier, "*war aims* quite often meant *peace aims*. Moreover, the *height of absurdity* equals the *depth of absurdity*; *estimable* equals *inestimable*; and it is plain to me sometimes that the reviewer of a play or a film, as he goes back to general considerations after discussing the details of a work, has had to choose between saying *the whole* or *the piece*—meaning the same thing."

I remember the way he described the methods of the author of a recently-published critical biography. "He reminds me irresistibly of a policeman, at dusk," said Amos. "He plods gloomily through the chap's work, not with any active appearance of suspicion—that would make it *interesting*—but just grimly, as a matter of routine, trying all the doors."

R. M.

## The Wreckers

THE billow booms on the shore, the shore,  
Where the wind blows warm from the whins  
And we gather up by the score, the score,  
The rustier baked-bean tins.

They total a hundred and four, and four,  
Where the kittiwake wings the waste,  
Apart from a very large store, large store,  
Of pots that contained fish paste.

We have worked for two hours or more, or more,  
And the labour is not complete;  
There are broken bottles galore, galore,  
More certain to cut the feet.

The trippers would think us a bore, a bore,  
Where the crab nips free on the flood;  
For what do they scatter things for, things for,  
Unless it's to draw good blood?

Unless they can draw good gore, good gore,  
They reckon their job half done  
And here we are on the shore, the shore,  
Spoiling legitimate fun.

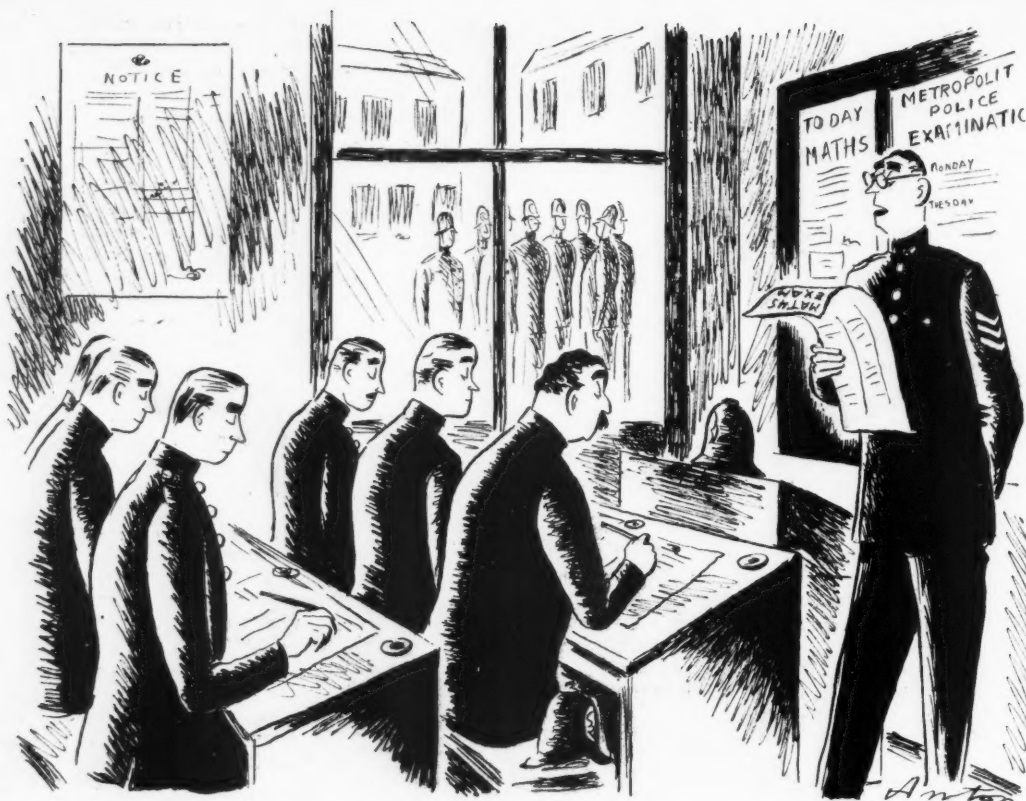
But our feet are all bandaged and sore, and sore,  
Our sense of humour run dry,  
And we wish to prevent an encore, encore,  
Because we don't want to die—  
Where the starfish splays to the sky. JUSTIN.





### THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

[Canada celebrates Dominion Day on the First of July.]



"... Problem number three: If nine blackmailers can obtain three hundred and fifty pounds by threatening ten Archbishops, how many Archbishops would six blackmailers have to threaten to obtain five hundred and sixty pounds?"

## The Cosmic Mess

**J**ULY 5th, 1948! Boys, this is going to be a big day. Anyway, *Old Boys*, it is a big day. This column has, at last, obtained a "Family Guide", with all those delightful Government owls: and, being a comparatively elderly column, it has suddenly sprung into quite unexpected enthusiasm for the Whole Affair. It had been pretty lukewarm. Indeed, it had been wandering round trying to find out what were the penalties for non-cooperation (there is nothing about them in the *Family Guide*). "What", it had muttered darkly, "would happen if one declined to contribute—simply did not stick on the stamps?" But, now that it has read the *Family Guide*, all that nonsense is ended. Listen, uncountable readers.

This column is a "self-employed" column of fifty-seven and a half years of age. As a self-employed column it will have to contribute 6s. 2d. a week,

that is (if it is right), £16 0s. 8d. a year. The employed column contributes only 4s. 2d.—a difference of £5 4s. 0d. a year. The self-employed column contributes much more, but gets much less. For example, it will not be entitled to Unemployment Benefit, which seems a little harsh. After all, every self-employed person knows that there come difficult times when self simply refuses to employ self any more: and why, in such a case, the better self should not get some relief it is hard to see.

Again, the self-employed are excluded from Industrial Injury Benefits. The employed column is insured "against being unable to work, or being disabled, or losing life, because of accident at work, or certain industrial diseases". But, gracious, has the self-employed no industrial dangers? Cannot this column wear out its eyes with reading and writing, or get writer's

cramp? The doctor may be disabled by the fever he is treating, the architect by a falling brick, the chemist by an explosion, the lawyer by laryngitis. This is just one more stab in the back of the middle classes.

Still, from time to time, this column may have a baby, and then (provided it has paid twenty-six contributions, that is, £8 0s. 4d.) it will win £4 0s. 0d., which should carry it through many an anxious year. It will win £20 if its wife dies—no, it won't; it will get a "Reduced Grant" only. And there is Sickness Benefit. After twenty-six contributions (£8 0s. 4d.) it can draw 26s. a week for three hundred and twelve days (£57 18s. 0d., this column reckons, but none of these sums is guaranteed). When it has contributed for three years (£48 2s. 0d.) it can, it gathers, draw Sickness Benefit till pension age, sixty-five, which, if it is sick all the time, will come to

£304 4s. 0d. This money should be quite a little help—for neither this column's doctor nor its dentist proposes to go in for the scheme, it does not intend to desert them, and they will have to be paid.

"Benefit," by the way, this column sees now, "is not payable for Sundays." Nobody cares how sick you are on a Sunday. This deplorable bit of cheating may slightly affect some of the sums above: but this column is not quite clear how. You try.

But the Big Thing, the thing that excites this antique column, is the

#### RETIREMENT PENSION.

At the age of sixty-five (that is, in seven and a half years) this column will be able to draw a Retirement Pension of 26s. a week. By that time, it reckons it will have contributed:

Half-year ..	£8	0s.	4d.
Seven years ..	£112	4s.	8d.
	£120	5s.	0d.

But every year then (if the arithmetic is right) it will receive the sum of £67 12s. In two years, that is, at the age of sixty-seven, it will have received £135 4s. 0d. and will have got its money back already—and more.

If this column lives to the age of seventy-five, which is unlikely, it will have drawn by way of Retirement Pension no less than £676, which is no mean return for an investment of £120. If it lives to be eighty, it will have drawn £1,014.

But consider now the case of this column's son John, who is just twenty-four. Suppose that he too trudges through life as a "self-employed person", contributing 6s. 2d. a week, or £16 0s. 8d. a year. By the time he is sixty-five, this column reckons, he will have contributed £657 7s. 4d. When he is seventy-five he will have drawn by way of pension £676: so he will be only £18 up. However, the next year, when he is seventy-six, he will begin to show a nice profit. And, of course, all this time the young column may have been drawing maternity and sickness benefit. His poor father will have had only seven-and-a-half years of that. Nevertheless, a healthy young man of to-day, who does not propose to have many babies or be sick very much, may well think that the old boys are getting better value for their money than he is.

As you were! This column thought there must be a snag somewhere. It is, it now sees, a "Late-Age Entrant". It must, therefore, wait for ten years from its "entry"—that is, to July 5th, 1958. So it will have to go on toiling

and slaving till it is nearly sixty-eight, and contribute £160. Still there are compensations in that. As the little book says archly: "What Happens if This Column Stays at Work After Pension Age?" Well, for one thing, for every twenty-five contributions it pays during the five years after reaching pension age its Retirement Pension will be increased by 1s. a week. So if it works till seventy, it will get another 10s. a week—or 36s., which will give it an income of £93 12s. 0d.

And "Retirement", by the way, "does not mean that you must not do any paid work at all. You can be treated as retired if you do not work more than twelve hours a week, or more than one quarter of the normal hours of a full working week in your particular occupation, whichever is more favourable to you." Well, in twelve hours this column should be able to throw off a saga or two.

All this time this column has been selfishly concentrating on itself. But, of course, there is this column's wife.

The big thing about this column's wife is that, whatever she gets, she will

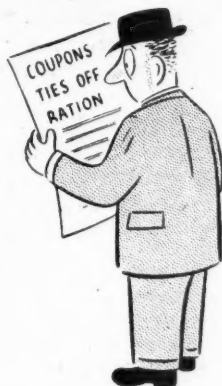
not have to pay for it. It all comes out of this column's contribution. She can get Sickness Benefit at 16s. a week, or 26s. a week if this column is an invalid. If this column dies she will get a Widow's Allowance of 36s. a week for thirteen weeks (£23 8s. 0d.) and after that a Widow's Pension of 26s. a week (£67 12s. 0d. a year): but only if this column has contributed for three years (£48 2s. 0d.). So this column must be careful not to die within the next three years. If it dies then, and its wife lives on for ten years after the thirteen weeks, she will draw £699 8s. 0d. altogether, which is not a bad return for £48 2s. 0d.

That, materially speaking, may be the wisest course for this column, because of this trickery about the Retirement Pension. The wife, normally, gets a pension of 16s. a week (£41 12s. 0d. a year) at the age of sixty. But presumably she will have to wait till this column has contributed for ten years. From that point (July 5th, 1958) our joint income will be 42s. a week (£109 4s. 0d. a year), and if we both live on for ten years we shall have drawn £1,092. A profit of £932, and, again, not a bad return for £160, though not so good as the reward for dying after three years.

As you were! It may be better than that. This column had forgotten the extra three years it is going to work "after pension age". That is one hundred and fifty-six weeks: and for every twenty-five contributions (6) this column draws another 1s. a week. So its pension will be 32s. a week, or £83 4s. 0d. a year. The joint income will be 48s. a week, or £124 16s. 0d. a year: and in ten years we shall draw £1,248.

No. Sold again! A "NOTE" in small type has now been discovered. "These arrangements do not apply to . . . the late-age entrants". So delete preceding paragraph. What a shame!

Never mind. Let us drink to Old Boys' Day. A. P. H.



#### Very Fine Tuning

"British Ambassador Sir Oliver Franks, after a meeting with Assistant Secretary of State Willard Thorp said:

"We had a satisfactory session. We were concerned with trying to determine what differences exist between us on the points of agreement."—"News Chronicle."

"High Class Accommodation offered business gentleman, in lovely part of Harrow Garage."—Advt. in local paper.

Is this a ramp?



## An Innocent In Canada

VIII—"Winnipegosis"

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondent is spending a few weeks in Canada.)

ONE of Canada's chief grouses is that many people in Britain and most Americans are entirely ignorant of her geography and way of life. The Americans, it seems, have the most fantastic notions about their northern neighbours, visualize them as a gang of semi-civilized nomads, Red Indians and poor whites, scraping for edible mosses in the perpetual snows of the tundra. I am told that Yankee tourists sometimes arrive in Winnipeg



"... lavishly equipped with furs . . ."

for their midsummer holidays lavishly equipped with furs and ski-boots and prepared to exist solely on pemmican and old boot-laces. A few weeks ago one of them complained: "I guess you're so poor because you've got two kings to support." The other "burden" was of course the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King.

But who am I to talk! Only last week I thought that Winnipegosis was a peculiar disease afflicting the natives of Winnipeg—a sort of permanent frost-bite.

Even now, after several hectic days of sightseeing and with the blush of humiliation fresh on my cheek, I cannot quite make up my mind about Winnipeg. Winnipeggers have done their dead-level best to make it up for me. They have catalogued their city's virtues and amenities, extolled its charms and minimized its mosquitoes, but I am still unsure.

Winnipeg is an oasis of trees, department stores and music in a wilderness of prairie. With the exception of Dallas, Texas, it is more self-confident and proud (but not smug) than any town I have hit. If the visitor mentions Vancouver or Victoria he is told: "Sure, that's where Winnipeggers come back from when they retire." If he praises the East he is undone, for although Winnipeg is central (and claims to be "situated in the centre of the North American continent" in all industrial brochures) it regards itself as the Mecca of the Golden West. Even the

other prairie provinces are slighted. Saskatchewan? We see quite enough of *that*: it blows in past our windows some mornings. Alberta? That's the reddish, more powdery kind of dust we get in late autumn.

Deep down every citizen knows that the climate of Winnipeg is extreme and very trying. In lighter mood he will even acknowledge it—"We have ten months of winter and two months of poor sledding"—but he will never really admit that it is anything but ideal. When I asked an elderly grain-merchant for a frank opinion he began to undress. "Look," he said, revealing a scant array of underwear, "this is what I wear winter and summer through. Sure it's cold in winter" (he called it "winner") "but it's a dry cold, see, with plenty of sunshine. Then in summer it gets durned hot and we quit to the lakes. Same underwear winter and summer, that's me," he said, pulling on his pants.

Many Winnipeggers are equally hardy. Their only sartorial concessions to a "forty below" winter are earmuffs and over-shoes (or goloshes). He-men? Yes, of course; but remember that their cars are equipped with powerful heaters and their homes, offices and shops with central overheating. Winnipeg was the first city on the continent to install what I suppose must be called centralized central heating, by which hot water and steam are fed from a single supplier through the meters of thousands of homes and offices. No furnaces, boilers or fuel to worry about: set the thermostat and the Northern Public Service Corporation does the rest.\* They're talking of a centralized central cooling system now. Then they'll be able to play hockey all the year round. The grain-merchant's son was already (in June) praying for the day when he could flood the back yard and put on his skates again.

If I criticize Winnipeg's insects it is because my right forearm (my bowling arm) is still swollen and discoloured as a result of a recent engagement with them. Over a "frosted malted" in a department store a Winnipeg housewife told me: "They get worse every year. Some years ago we had a big mosquito drive (just after father's day) and practically decimated them. The trouble was we didn't go on decimating. Everybody in our crescent—out Kildonan Park way—is paying six bucks to have the place sprayed. Then we're guaranteed mosquito-free for two months. But six bucks!"

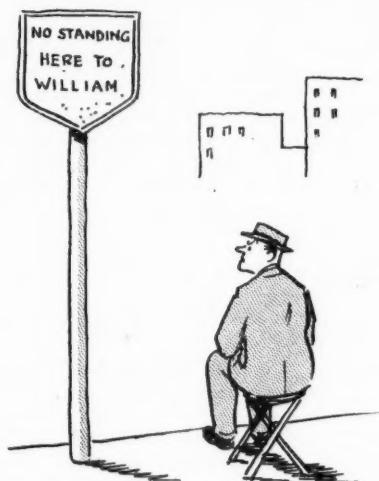
Winnipeg has a lot to thank the pioneers for—the original city fathers. They gave the city fine wide roads, beautiful parks and an abundance of trees. From the summit of a modest skyscraper the prairies are a flat encircling sea of earth, stubble and young grain, but the city itself seems to grow out of a dense deciduous forest. In the suburbs almost every avenue is now a cool colonnade of foliage: in winter, a tunnel of snow. The trees lend a dignity which the twentieth-century architecture can usefully borrow. They hide all evidence of Winnipeg's mushroom growth and throw interesting shadows across its somewhat vapid façades. And so, tramping the city's streets, the visitor is not conscious of its lack of years, or of the surrounding

\* For those who love facts—Winnipeg is very concerned that 3,705 of its 56,289 dwellings have no installed bath-tub or shower. Nearly every home has central heating. Fifty-one per cent. of the houses have hot-air furnaces, 29 per cent. have steam or hot-water systems. Eight thousand homes depend on stoves for heating.

plain. Winnipeg looks as solid, respectable and deep-rooted as a Victorian policeman.\*

All the same the visitor is occasionally reminded, by odd incidents, sights and sounds, that the city is still in its salad days, that its population as late as 1876, when the first city hall was erected, totalled only two hundred and seventeen. One morning the innocent followed a swarm of photographers into a Main Street coffee shop and saw his first skunk. It had wandered in overnight from the prairies. Then someone mentioned a certain old lady (still very much alive) who had been born at the corner of Main and Portage in a tent. Portage, by the way, is a handsome avenue leading to Portage La Prairie.

Winnipeggers are intensely houseproud and celebrated for their hospitality. Their housepride had its origin in the old pioneering days when a log-cabin meant sanctuary from the deadly perils of the wilderness. Every house in the suburbs has its well-watered lawn and its seductive back porch. A sleek auto stands ready in the roadway. The breadwinner rocks gently on the balcony, day-dreaming, reading his comic-papers or mending his mosquito-net, and even from a distance of fifty yards his glow of proud possessiveness is as obvious as luminous paint. The people of Winnipeg are more cosmopolitan, I suppose, than any in Canada. Tough, obstreperous Scots came first—and they are still there in force, managing the banks and inspecting the credentials of every dollar and dime. They were followed, at a safe distance, by the English, and then by Ukrainians, French, Scandinavians, Germans and Chinese. Assiniboine Park on a Saturday night is like a plenary session of the U.N., except that the game is happy families instead of strip poker. The French are all together just across the Red river in the twin city of St. Boniface. On a clear day they can be seen gesticulating madly.

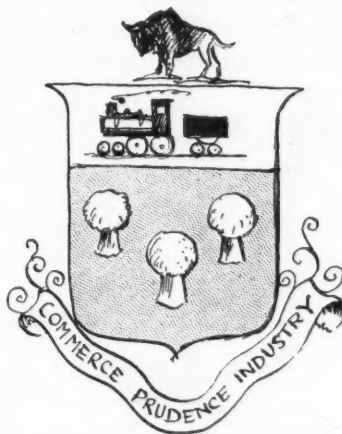


The problem of road signs is acute in Winnipeg.

Of all the races in the Winnipeg melting-pot the English are the most incorrigibly sentimental about their ties with the homeland. In the homes of men who left Britain thirty and forty years ago I found marked evidence of dual

\* Winnipeg's policemen, by the way, wear uniforms exactly like those worn in London twenty years ago—even to the helmet. The outfit is a little too tight for real elegance, but very pleasing to the English visitor.

existence. There was the life in Winnipeg, very active and full; and there was an entirely separate mental existence in the land of their birth, kept alive and nourished by voluminous correspondence, thousands of souvenirs and an incredible intake of "local" British newspapers. I do not guess, or suppose, I know that these old settlers—and many of their Canadian-born sons—could return to the



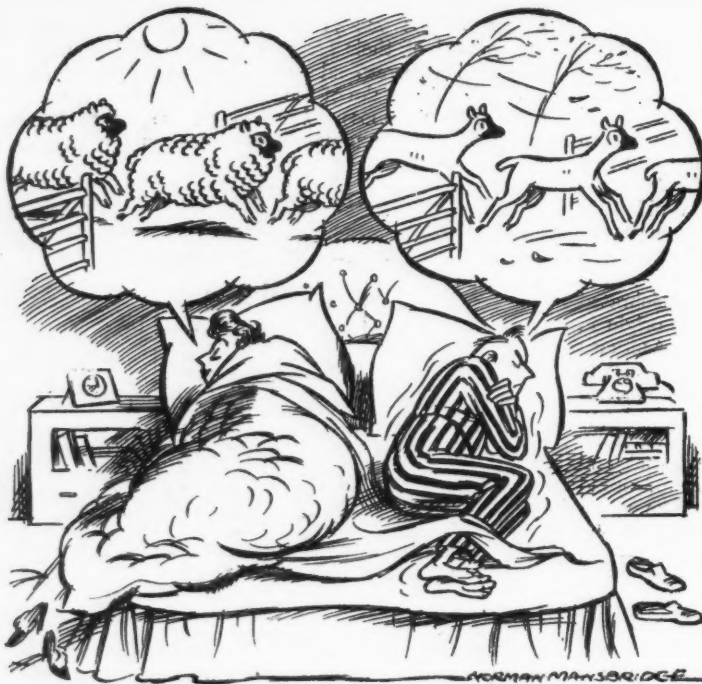
locale of their forefathers and begin life anew and immediately without putting a foot or a finger wrong. Most of them would already know far more of local gossip, politics and topography than the untravelled native. One evening I listened open-mouthed while two former Englishmen argued fiercely about the precise position of the *Manchester Guardian* in a Liverpool public reading-room. Neither of them had been inside the building for more than thirty years.

Winnipeg is booming. The grain, fur and stock markets are flourishing and so is the city's wealth of musical talent. The innocent just missed the largest musical festival in the world, but he examined "the most modern auditorium in Canada" and heard all about the drive for what will inevitably be the finest symphony orchestra in Canada. He listened eagerly for samples of Winnipeg's genius for choral music, but heard little more than the harsh cries of the engineers (engine-drivers in Britain) and the baleful tintinnabulation of the locos. Every day is a Sunday at a Canadian "station hotel," for every engine rings its bell incessantly as it calls the unwary to heel. Still there was that excellent rendering of "A Real Gorn Guy" on Saturday night, delivered before a highly appreciative Main Street audience by four reeling beer-parlour victims.

How long the business boom will last is a question that sets every Winnipegger's face into lines of genuine anxiety. This city was built on grain: too many of its eggs are in one bread-basket, and the basket has been knocked from its hand before now. Only too clearly Winnipeggers recall the depression of the early 'thirties when the dust lay so thick upon the uncultivated prairie that "you could drive right over the fences in your car," and when for many people a steak supper meant a slice of boiled gopher. But they are optimistic and believe that the city's frankly materialist armorial watchwords, "Commerce, Prudence, Industry," will pull them through the next slump.

And so with this shining message in our hearts we say good-bye to the land of "Win-nipee," or muddy water, and as an unforgettable sunset gilds the swaying fields of wheat we make our vow to return some day to the proud city of the prairies. (Chocolates and ices may now be purchased from the attendants.)

Hod.



## United

**S**YMPSON has always belonged to the Munton Wanderers Cricket Club, while the Munton Town Cricket Club has had the benefit of my own services. Both teams play in the Southshire Junior League, and last season, after a neck-and-neck struggle with Munton Town, the Wanderers managed to secure bottom place. Sympson and I talked it over, and agreed to start a campaign in the *Munton Observer* to rouse public opinion in favour of amalgamating the two teams. A heated controversy which had raged for several years in the letter columns of the *Observer* on the subject of moving the sewage farm showed signs of dying down, and the editor put my first letter right at the top of the page. It was signed "Disgusted" and said that it was a disgrace to the town to have two teams at the bottom of the Southshire Junior League.

The following week Sympson's first letter appeared. It was signed "Pro Bono Publico," and attacked "Disgusted" tooth and nail for his unconstructive criticism. "Pro Bono Publico" said that he also deplored the unfortunate results of the previous season's matches, but mere criticism was not enough. A practical suggestion was wanted, and would not the

best solution be to amalgamate the two teams?

Next week my second letter appeared, this time signed "Cynicus," in which I said that obviously "Pro Bono Publico" was a stranger to the town, as otherwise he would know that it was a mere waste of time to appeal to the local cricketers to put the honour of the town above the interests of their individual clubs. Any attempt to amalgamate the two teams, "Cynicus" was sure, would be frustrated by petty jealousies and vested interests. Sympson followed this up with a letter signed "Fair Play" which deplored the existence in the town of a low-minded man like "Cynicus." "Fair Play" was certain that if a meeting could be arranged between Huntleather (captain of Munton Town) and Padstopper (captain of Munton Wanderers) these two fine sportsmen with their committees would sink all differences and agree to form one really strong club.

The following week Sympson and I came out into the open, and wrote a letter signed with our real names. As rank-and-file members of the two teams, we said, we had read with deep interest the correspondence in the columns of the *Observer*, and we felt that the time was ripe for action. If

the two captains and the two committees were too lazy or selfish to take up the gauntlet thrown down by "Disgusted," "Pro Bono Publico," "Cynicus," and "Fair Play" (pseudonyms which we said we had reason to believe concealed the identities of some of the foremost sportsmen of the town), then it was up to the rank-and-file to take matters into their own hands, and a meeting would be held in the Moot Hall on the following Wednesday, open to members of both clubs, with the object of forming the Munton United Cricket Club.

This was in March, when there is not much to be had in the way of entertainment in Munton-on-Sea, and almost all the rank-and-file members of both teams attended. Sympson made a tremendously long speech which so petrified everybody that when it came to voting they accepted practically all our propositions, and the Munton United Cricket Club was duly founded, with Sympson as Chairman of Committee and myself as Captain.

"Disgusted" then wrote to the *Observer* and said how glad he was to find that there would be only one team for the 1948 season, and "Cynicus" wrote apologizing for his slur on local sportsmanship.

Unfortunately rumours about the true identity of the various correspondents in the *Observer* began to circulate, and there were a number of desertions from the Munton United Club. The deposed captains and their committees rallied their forces, and this season there are three Munton teams at the bottom of the Southshire Junior League. The Town team is second from the bottom, with the Wanderers just above them.

D. H. B.

## Gipsies

**A** DOG without a tail; a horse that sags and wears a hat;  
a cat;  
and a baby bundled up in coloured rags;  
a broken chair; a kettle and some tins;  
and this and that;  
and three lean men with dark unshaven chins;  
a painted caravan; a crone  
squatting by the smoky fire alone;  
and a brown bold-eyed slut with  
dragged hair  
shrilling a raucous song upon the air;  
and washing hung about on the low hedge.

All these grew overnight at the wood's edge.



## Repairs to Lie-Detector

SUBJECT OF REPORT . . . *Repairs to lie-detector.*  
OFFICER REPORTING . . . *Lasker Mead.*  
RANK . . . . . *Detective-Sergeant.*  
DEPARTMENT . . . . . *Special Branch.*  
To . . . . . *Assistant Commissioner, "C" Dept.*

SIR,—I beg to report that the lie-detector at Scotland Yard has now been completely overhauled and repaired and put back into service. It broke down, as you have already been informed, sir, whilst being used in the case of *Rex v. Maldroque* at the Old Bailey. Prisoner, offered the usual choice of giving his evidence on oath or being strapped to the lie-detector, chose the latter course. Towards the end of his cross-examination he was asked abruptly by prosecuting counsel if he had seen a brass paper-weight (produced) before. He countered with a sharp denial whereupon there was a minor explosion inside the detector followed by rising spirals of smoke from the ventilator grid at the rear. The jury were visibly impressed, but Mr. Justice Frydoeuf stopped the case immediately and ordered a re-trial.

I happened to be in court at the time and, rightly guessing that a fuse had blown in the choke circuit of the main balancer pack, was able to correct the fault in a few seconds by temporarily shorting the fuse-holder with a paper clip. I explained this to His Lordship, but, commenting that it was a poor outlook for British justice if a man's life was to hang on a paper clip, he ordered the machine to be removed from court and not used again till it had been checked and repaired.

I therefore brought it to the laboratory where, with the assistance of Sergeant Bostock (Weights and Measures), I subjected it to a thorough examination and overhaul.

I found that the fuse blow-out was due to a faulty choke in the phase inverter which allowed a feed-back to the grid. An overload surge across this choke is always liable to be set up when the subject is highly strung, or when he does some fierce thinking before making his reply, and may only be countered by inserting a saw-tooth oscillator in shunt across the feeder coupling. This has been done, and although the detector still gives excellent straight-line response on all degrees of forthright lying, there is a natural falling off on the lower frequencies when prisoner is stalling or playing for time. Needle flicker, however, is good throughout the register and, since I have fitted a new (flat head) cotter pin on the cam roller shoe, torque is almost absent with schizoids and pathological liars.

Acting on your suggestion, sir, I have also replaced the old B320 with two Z10s in push-pull and have allowed for elation and maniacal excitement to be by-passed to earth through a .0003 condenser across the double diode. Mains hum is of course negligible with push-pull since there is no peak voltage through the choke windings, but there is pronounced needle jerk, especially if prisoner is mentally rigid or has any history of neuropathic depression. Even so, the advantages of push-pull enormously outweigh its disadvantages, and its ready response to fatigue and toxic states, amnesia and mere cerebral embarrassment render it invaluable in dealing with black market offenders. This response is even greater if bakelite locking dogs are used instead of metal trips.

In this report I am further requested by you, sir, to comment on the American lie-detector, which I had an opportunity of studying during my recent stay with the F.B.I. at Washington, and to give my opinion as to its suitability for use in this country. All the American models are astonishingly efficient on both low and high registers,

despite the fact that they use gas-focused tubes and work to a lop-sided resonance curve. Response is linear, from bluffing and stalling right up to categorical denial, and I was informed that these machines could actually record the hypnagogic period between involution-melancholia and the anxiety states. But this high sensitivity (built up by staggered I.F. through a transverse drag link) is gained at the expense of serious static distortion from bacon slicers, sparking plugs and the like, and F.B.I. officials told me that it was not uncommon, when a gangster was standing trial on the detector, for his colleagues to drive motor-cars in low gear round the court-house whilst the case was being heard.

All American detectors, as you are no doubt aware, sir, register audibly and not visibly as do the British types. Generally they play a violin solo whilst the prisoner is telling the truth (in the Veracophone A III it is the andante grazioso from Brahms' trio in F), but as soon as he starts lying a Neapolitan sixth is sounded *fortissimo* on three French horns. The effect is theatrical to a degree and is not less heightened by the fact that from time to time stray radiations may set off the horns in a hesitant and short-lived though none the less disconcerting fanfare. When this happens a red beacon light glows on top of the detector in a manner ludicrously suggestive, to a watching Briton, of a no-ball being signalled at cricket. Yet apparently this safeguard does not render the machine altogether infallible, for a case is on record of an advocate successfully defending his client by proving that the tell-tale horns were (in spite of the no-ball signal) set off, not by cerebral commotion, but by radiation from a power-driven egg-whisk in a near-by drug-store.

I need hardly add, sir, that in appearance the American models, totally encased and finished off in chrome and tortoise-shell, are well ahead of ours with their church oak frames, brass terminals and outside buffer coils. Nevertheless, I consider that the British models are the more reliable instruments and that our J.B.13, used with a good push-pull output and modified I.F. and with the eye-bolts kept free of dust and grit, is not likely to send an innocent man to the gallows.

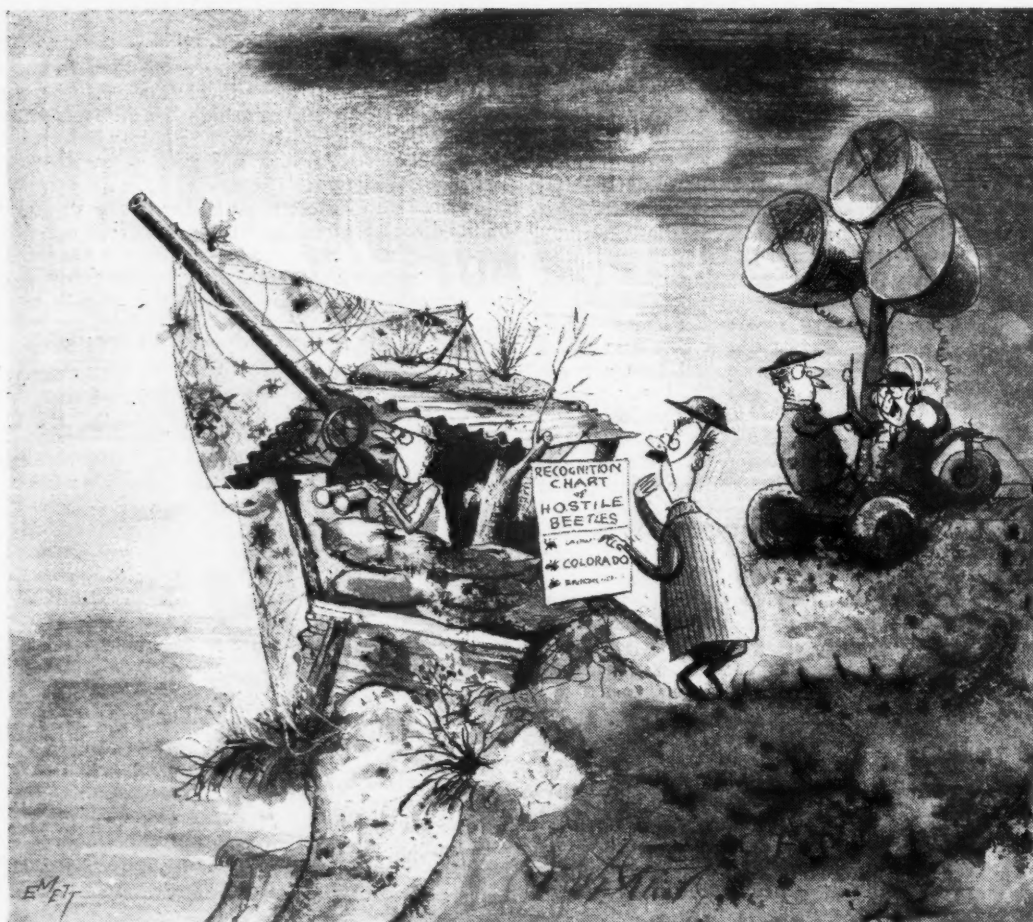
I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

LASKER MEAD, *Det. Sgt.*



"You realize, of course, that no white man has ever trod here before."



## Change

I FOUND it as I walked abroad to-day,  
'Twas uninhabited, estranged, aloof,  
A wayside inn, or shall we say a pub.

Some slates had gone; old windows here and there  
Betrayed the local urchins' ill-flung stones;  
The barking kennel in the yard was mute.

I mused thereon awhile. For many a year  
That blistered door, now closed against the world,  
Had gaped a welcome to the rustic's need.

Here with their labours done, at close of day,  
Tired men assembled, eased with pipe and pot,  
From farm and field to join in grave debate.

Untaught in letters, these, and strange to art,  
But skilled to know the weather, wise in cows,  
Learned in soils and erudite in sheep.

Here, too, the parish gaffer sat enthroned,  
Telling the long-tamed gathering what was what  
In piping voice that brooked no argument.

And Jarges passed and younger Jarges came,  
Henrys succeeded Henrys, Bill on Bill  
Followed; the generations came and went.

How came the last long Closing Time, who knows?  
Whether the inn (or pub) ran out of ale  
Or some more gaudy rival dowsed its light

I cannot say. The place is hushed and dead.  
The very sign that creaked upon the wind,  
Pinched probably, has gone, and all is still.

Nor had I mourned its loss, for all must fade,  
Only I hoped when seeing it afar  
To get a draught of something there, and failed.

DUM-DUM.



THE NEW HUNTING GROUND



**MONDAY, June 21st.**—As though the taste of Ministerial blood drawn in the Government defeats recently—over the suspension of the death penalty and the cutting of the powers of the House of Lords—had proved pleasant and stimulating, their Lordships inflicted two more defeats to-day.

It was all very sudden, unexpected and surprising. The House was ambling amiably through an unexciting Bill dealing with the subject of British citizenship. There had been an agreement with the nations of the Commonwealth about the future status of British people, at home and in the Dominions and Colonies, and it all seemed extremely simple and formal.

Then Lord ALTRINCHAM got up and objected to the term "British citizen" as a description of an inhabitant of Great Britain or the Colonies.

Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, moved uneasily and raised his eyebrows with judicial dignity. Lord ADDISON, Leader of the House, took on the expression one might expect on the face of a dramatic critic when an actor unexpectedly sang a comic song in the middle of *Hamlet*. Both eyed Lord ALTRINCHAM and Lord A. eyed them frigidly in return. He said he did not like the term "British citizen," which didn't mean anything, anyway, was out of accord with public feeling, was unhistoric, and generally reprehensible.

For good measure, Lord SALISBURY added that it was "an absurdity." The alternative suggestion was the good old-fashioned "British subject"—a title all home and Colonial people (said their Lordships) were proud to bear, as signifying common allegiance to The King.

But Lord ADDISON, who had taken without the turn of a single silvery hair the resounding defeat of the Parliament Bill, got passionately eloquent in defence of the "British citizen." Almost tearfully he said: "I entreat your Lordships, with all the earnestness I can command, not to interfere" with the phrase in the Bill.

The Opposition were a bit startled by this passionate vehemence, but it did not deter them from changing "citizen" into "subject" by 75 votes to 21. Having done this (and noted that nevertheless popular Lord ADDISON remained alive and apparently vigorous) their Lordships proceeded to inflict another defeat on the Government—this time to give citizens of Eire the right to retain the status of British subjects, if they wanted to.

## Impressions of Parliament

**Monday, June 21st.**—House of Lords: A Change of "Subject."  
House of Commons: Black Day for Black Market.

**Tuesday, June 22nd.**—House of Lords: The Gas Bill.  
House of Commons: Dockyard Strike.

**Wednesday, June 23rd.**—House of Commons: Hard Words about Representation.

**Thursday, June 24th.**—House of Commons: Mr. Eden asks a Question.

Lord SALISBURY was severe, saying that he wished the Bill had never been introduced—a sentiment Lord ADDISON seemed, fleetingly, to share. The very haziness and absence of definition in the relationship of Britain with the rest of the Commonwealth was its great strength, said Lord SALISBURY, amid great cheers, and no amount of pleading by the Government had any effect. This time the defeat was inflicted by 54 votes to 28, and Lord JOWITT and Lord ADDISON exchanged glances of mutual consolation.



A. H. L.

### Impressions of Parliamentarians

49. Sir Henry Morris-Jones (Denbigh)

In the Commons the talk was all of the Black Market, and Sir FRANK SOSKICE, the Solicitor-General (whose Privy Councillorship, newly-conferred, gained him a big cheer), moved a new clause to the Finance Bill providing for the forfeiture of motor-cars bought in that disreputable mart.

While no one defended the Black Marketeers, there was some uneasiness lest an innocent person might suffer injustice through incautious purchases. One Member spoke of "the black market flourishing like the green bay tree under a Socialist"—he apparently meant "Red"—Government, but even this polychromatic effort did not move Sir FRANK, and the clause was added to the Bill.

**TUESDAY, June 22nd.**—While they were doing their best to concentrate on the business of the day, Members of the House of Commons were worried by an event "out of doors"—as Mr. CHURCHILL always meticulously calls everything that happens outside the House. The event was the "unofficial" strike of

dock-workers at the London docks, called in defiance of the Trade Union leaders because some men had been punished by suspension for a breach of the rules.

Yesterday, Mr. EDEN asked for some information and was told that there was to be a meeting of the strikers which might end the trouble. Mr. EDEN asked another question to-day, and Mr. ATTLEE himself replied.

The Premier's reply was to the effect that an official meeting of the strikers had resolved "by an overwhelming majority" to return to work. This was received with cheers—which ceased abruptly as Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, the Communist Member, and Mrs. BESSIE BRADDOCK, one of the Government's supporters, leaped forward with a cold douche for any optimism Mr. ATTLEE might have aroused.

Mr. GALLACHER announced that, simultaneously with the official meeting, an unofficial meeting had been held in an East End park, and that whereas the attendance at the official meeting had been one thousand eight hundred that at the unofficial meeting had been more than six thousand.

And whereas the smaller meeting may have passed a resolution to return to work, the bigger meeting had resolved the precise opposite. Mr. ATTLEE merely replied that Mr. GALLACHER'S figures were quite wrong. But then Mrs. BRADDOCK announced that she had been at the meeting in the park, and put the attendance at seven thousand. And she said, in her blunt way, that Mr. ATTLEE was being "complacent" if he thought the strikers would return to work.

The Prime Minister mildly retorted that he was not complacent, that he did not accept Mrs. BRADDOCK'S counting of the crowd, and that he could not help feeling that the decision of the official meeting should be honoured. He added—to the cheers of the whole House—that plans had already been made to protect the nation's food supplies if the strikers did not return.

Mr. ATTLEE apologized for the absence from the country of the Minister of Labour, Mr. GEORGE



"Sorry, Madam—no toe of frog—only frog substitute."

ISAACS, who is attending an International Labour Office meeting in San Francisco. He said the Minister's absence was "unfortunate."

The debate was again on the Finance Bill, and it was long and detailed.

Their Lordships were dealing with the Gas Bill (of unhallowed memory in the Commons) and, although they gave it a Second Reading, Lord SWINTON warned the Lord Chancellor (clearly not to his surprise) that the measure would be subjected to intensive examination in Committee. The Lord CHANCELLOR wore the "couldn't-care-less" expression he keeps for some of the Government's Bills.

**WEDNESDAY, June 23rd.**—Mr. ATTLEE added another chapter to the unhappy story of the dock strike. It was that, the strikers having failed, after all, to return to work, troops had been drafted into the docks to take care of perishable foodstuffs.

Then the Third Reading of the Representation of the People Bill was discussed, Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, recommending it as a good and sound measure, essential to the proper working of democracy.

Mr. CHURCHILL, however, evidently had other ideas. He listened patiently to the Minister, then rose to move the Bill's rejection and to complain that Mr. EDE's speech had consisted largely of long readings from the Bill, with a few bits of Party prejudice thrown in to please his back-benchers. As for the proposals in the Bill, well, they represented a small, minor, pinching piece of chicanery, not a crime but only a small, mean, shabby trick.

When Mr. CHURCHILL spoke about the seventeen seats which, he alleged, the Government had fixed up for itself by an adjustment of the constituency boundaries, someone shouted "Get on!" And Mr. CHURCHILL, looking over his spectacles, retorted drily: "How do you mean, 'Get on'? I haven't started yet!" He made great play with the charge that the "better self" of the Home Secretary, Pinnochio-like, had badly lost a battle with his Party-politician self as soon as somebody had mentioned that the Boundary Commission's report might mean the loss to his Party of thirty-five seats. Like Oscar Wilde, the Home Secretary could resist everything but temptation, and, in the end, after long hesitation

and natural repugnance, the Government had decided to . . . cheat. Mr. CHURCHILL rapped out this word, then added (without great repentance) that he was sorry to use such a term, but it was the only one that fitted the circumstances. His Party intended to restore the twelve University seats the Bill abolishes.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON had a go, too. He did not say very much that was new, either—he said frankly that it had all been said before—but he said it with his customary good humour and dash. And then the Bill got its Third Reading by 338 votes to 193.

**THURSDAY, June 24th.**—To-day's chapter of The Tragedy of the Dock-Strike added little to the story, except Mr. ATTLEE's assurance (which some thought a trifle qualified) that the week-end's meat ration was safe.

But many echoed the words of Mr. EDEN: "How long is this to be allowed to go on?"

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON announced a short session in the autumn to force through the Parliament Bill. Mr. EDEN made it plain that he and his followers were not playing.

## At the Play

*Crime Passionel* (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)—*À la Carte* (SAVOY)  
*The Lady Asks for Help* (GARRICK)

UNTIL now the stir caused by M. JEAN-PAUL SARTRE in the post-war theatre has seemed to flatter his true merit. With *Crime Passionel*, however—at the Lyric, Hammersmith

influence of *Hoederer's* sincerity and charm that the latter would never have been shot if *Hugo* hadn't happened to find him kissing his wife. Thus we get the irony of *Hoederer* being killed for



TWO ITEMS FROM THE MENU

MR. HENRY KENDALL

MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY

—we must think about him again, for this time he has things to say that matter, and he says them with remarkable skill. With his other plays one couldn't help feeling that M. SARTRE conceived it as his mission to apply shock-therapy to whatever was left of complacency in Europe, and that the resounding cult of Existentialism which he fathered made too easy an appeal to men in beards; but this new play is solid, balanced work reflecting a much more adult point of view.

It shows us a young Communist recruit, drawn from the wealthy class of a middle-European country, sent by the Party to assassinate one of its leaders (very badly guarded, by the way) of whose tactical flirtations with the Right it disapproves. *Hugo*, a neurotic boy trying to live down the softness of his beginnings, takes with him his wife, an amusingly callous nitwit, and he so falls under the

the wrong reason, and to this sardonic jest is added the further irony that when *Hugo* returns home after two years in prison (a short sentence for murdering a resistance leader in 1943!) he discovers that his branch of the Party has changed its mind through contact with Holy Russia, and *Hoederer* the traitor is now of sacred memory. This is too much for *Hugo*, who had come to love his victim, and rather than white-wash the Party's blunder he gets himself shot. Mr. ROGER LIVESEY gives *Hoederer* a personality which explains *Hugo's* conver-

sion completely but doesn't quite convince one that this gentle idealist would have survived so long. And I doubt if men in *Hoederer's* position ever really risk their lives to save young firebrands from humiliation. Isn't that the kind of thing that only happens in the theatre? As *Hugo* Mr. MICHAEL GOUGH gives a performance so accomplished in its expenditure and control of nervous energy that it inevitably recalls Stephen Haggard—though Mr. GOUGH is more robust. As *Hugo's* wife Miss JOYCE REDMAN has the difficult assignment of flippancy within a straight framework, which she handles very well, and Miss YVONNE COULETTE fills in with sombre strength the terrifyingly earnest young Communist who is just woman enough to love *Hugo*.

The play is dramatically exciting; but, more than that, it subjects interesting human relationships to delicate analysis, and contrives by

clever writing to hold our attention through long excursions in political philosophy. This takes some doing. Mr. PETER GLENVILLE's production is sensitive to the small significant changes of mood on which the author depends for much of his effect.

If the first half of Mr. ALAN MELVILLE's *À la Carte*, at the Savoy, were as sparkling as the second we should have an out-and-out winner. As it is this is a revue from which, when some uncertainties of taste and wit have been written off, much that is good remains. The cream of the evening is (a) Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY's Ruth Draper tea-party to three invisible old school-friends, a brilliant study in feline humbug, and (b) Mr. HENRY KENDALL's wonderfully accurate rag of Mr. Robert Morley in *Edward, My Son*; while the top-of-the-milk, if I may borrow from current domestic parlance, is the guying, by these two doughty satirists, of *The Relapse*, s's being sounded as f's with very odd results. Miss JOY O'NEILL, Miss JEAN TELFER, Mr. MICHAEL ANTHONY, Mr. MARCEL LE BON and Mr. DICK HENDERSON are generally useful, CAPELLA and PATRICIA dance with originality and boundless energy, and Mr. CHARLES ZWAR's music, Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL's décor and Mr. NORMAN MARSHALL's production all please.

At the Garrick Mr. JAMES PARISH's *The Lady Asks for Help*—a silly title, unless I miss an allusion—is disappointingly inferior to his *Message for Margaret*. It is about a husband who accidentally kills his wife's traducer and finally owns up to save a friend, when it happens that the friend is safe anyway. The latter point is not, however, such a mockery as it would seem, for a malicious chit of a girl already knows the truth and is no doubt busily disseminating it; nor does the husband, who is mirrored as the pattern of honour, behave in fact with more than the minimum of decency, for he allows his friend's wife to go through hell before he confesses. The play opens on a promising note of lightness, becomes in the second act an average Will-he-be-caught thriller, and ends up a too static disquisition on the beauties of marriage. Its prime fault is an excess of *flegme anglais*, of almost caricatured understatement, to which Mr. WILLIAM KENDALL too studiously adheres; and though Miss BARBARA COUPER as the wife makes a brave and characteristically polished attempt at rescue, the piece just won't do. Miss NOEL HOOD, Mr. JAMES RAGLAN and Mr. PETER ASSINDER back her stoutly. ERIC.



## At the Ballet

Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin  
(COVENT GARDEN)

UNLESS, like Massine, he is ageless, a dancer usually bids farewell to the public just as he reaches full artistic maturity; so we may rejoice that it is yet not quite a dancer's lifetime ago that Diaghileff said "Watch my little English girl" and rechristened little Alice Marks, ALICIA MARKOVA. We have watched her grow from a starlet fresh from the studio of Astafieva, too small as yet to dance anything bigger than Red Riding Hood in *The Sleeping Beauty*, into one of the great ballerine of this century—some say the greatest—with a technique of such perfection that one can forget its existence. We saw her become a great interpreter of all the famous classical rôles, and particularly of *Giselle*, before she disappeared from among us and went away for nine long years. Now she is back again with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, with her great qualities undimmed and new qualities added to them. She still has the airiness we remember, still the same perfect control. Every movement she carries through to its logical end; there is no hurry, no sense of difficulties overcome, but instead a feeling of great power in reserve. MARKOVA does not try to dazzle, but each classic takes on a different aspect as she dances it. She tries to show you all that there is in it. "See," she seems to say, "here is *Giselle*. She is gay, she is in love, sometimes she is sad. She is young and full of life, she loves to dance—and now she is dead, she is a wraith, all joy for her is over. It is all very simple. These dances—I will show you how beautiful they are and you will understand *Giselle*"—and you do. In ANTON DOLIN, who has partnered her for so long, the same process has been at work. A perfect understanding exists between these two artists, and to watch them is a unique experience. Of DOLIN's expressive miming, his romantic feeling and the dignity and finish of his style much could be written.

There seem to be three distinct stages in the life of an interpretative artist. The first, when he is young, assaying the great classics of his art for the first time, measuring his strength against the giants, feeling the exhilaration, which his audience shares, of conquering difficulties; then the years of heart-searching and hard work until he has made the classics his own. When this great day comes he finds that he has absorbed them into his own

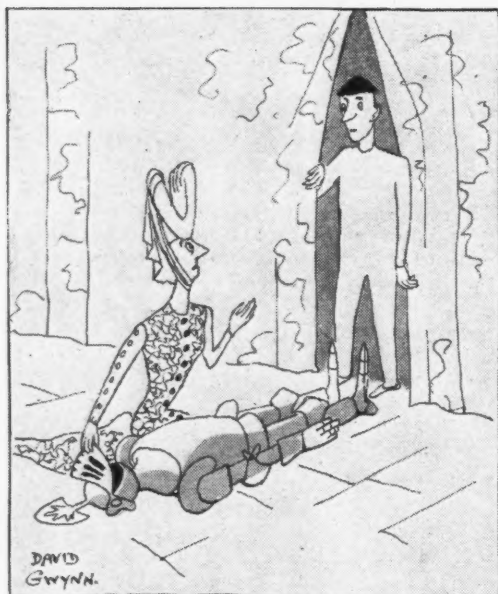
personality; he finds in them all that he has ever felt or will feel; he is in them and of them, and knows that they will grow with him and he with them. With joy he studies them over and over again, seeing them each time with new eyes. There is after this a third stage, which is only reached by those of rare talent and understanding such as MARKOVA and DOLIN, the stage at which the artist sees beyond the work he interprets, can detach himself from it and see it whole. Only then can he make it speak for itself. To his audience, a great simplification seems to take place, a simplification that yet holds everything within itself. To see this rare thing, go and see MARKOVA

and DOLIN and you will see the classics whole and in the round, every detail in its place. *The Sleeping Princess* is a special joy, with OLIVER MESSEL's beautiful designs.

Or to see the same process still more clearly, see Robert Helpmann dance *Satan* in *Job* and then watch ANTON DOLIN (who created it) in the same rôle. He has absorbed the rôle of *Satan* and sees beyond it; Helpmann as yet has not. It is not a mere question of different interpretations. The viewpoint of these two artists is not the same, and *Job* in consequence wears two wholly different aspects; and herein lies the endless fascination of the art of the ballet. D. C. B.



THE NEW LOOK RETURNS TO THE CENTRE COURT.



"Goodness, you gave me a start—I thought you were in here!"

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Samuel Johnson

MR. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH's biography of *Samuel Johnson* (CASSELL, 21/-) is both solid and entertaining. The author has included so many facts about Johnson and his chief contemporaries, and quotes at such length from such a variety of persons, that the effect is at times congested, but his scholarship is relieved by his shrewdness and his lively style. Twenty years ago Boswell was still believed to have given a complete picture of Johnson, and Mrs. Thrale was still being abused for her marriage to Piozzi, and undervalued for her contribution to our understanding of Johnson. Since then considerable readjustments in our view both of Mrs. Thrale and of Boswell's Life have been effected, and it is from this readjusted standpoint that Mr. KRUTCH has written his biography. He is at his best in his sketches of Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and the various other persons who played an important part in Johnson's life. His Thrale is particularly well hit off—"He said little, exhibited no eccentricities, performed his duties adequately but without enthusiasm, and methodically indulged his vices with perfect decorum." With Johnson himself Mr. KRUTCH is not so successful. Johnson's letter of denunciation, when Mrs. Thrale told him of her marriage to Piozzi, was utterly irrational and unjustified; but to call it "impertinent" is as wide of the mark as to characterize King Lear's treatment of Cordelia as lacking in consideration. How Johnson struck others, not how he felt in himself, is what Mr. KRUTCH has given us.

H. K.

#### The Poetic Tradition

Sir JOHN SQUIRE's *Selected Poems* (OLIVER MOXON, 8/6) recall—almost with a shock of surprise—the fact that when

the earliest of them were written their author was looked upon as something of a daring experimenter in rhymes and rhythms. But the difference between such experiments as, for example, "The Lily of Malud" and "A Face in Candlelight," and what might be termed the vulgar fraction school of verse, is that when he wrote the former the experiments were the result of a development from, and not an abrupt break with, the older traditions of poetic craftsmanship; and that the same pen which produced what were then regarded as bold innovations could also produce the polished and musical couplets of "The Birds" and some sonnets which are worthy to take their place beside the best of their kind, notably, perhaps, that which contains two lines perfect in their way:

"The little lovely lyric Cyclades,  
The sunny archipelagoes of song."

The volume includes such well-known examples of Sir JOHN SQUIRE's work as "Winter Nightfall," which much inclusion in anthologies cannot stale, and the sincere and moving "To a Bull-dog," together with a number of pieces which have not previously been brought together in book form. Among these may be specially noted the two noble sonnets on "A Seventieth Birthday," and the poignant and intimate verses called "The Comforter" with which the collection closes.

C. F. S.

#### Back of Beyond

It is natural and, in a poetic sense, just that the first American colonies, now long given over to sophistication, should take a hand in repopulating America's abandoned homesteads. LOUISE DICKINSON RICH, bred in Massachusetts, married twelve years ago into the backwoods of Maine; and *Happy the Land* (HALE, 12/6) is her second record of a vivid, full and highly entertaining life. Those who make the most of traditional wisdom are usually the best improvisers; and Mrs. RICH, fending for husband, two children, hired man and any guests who turn up, in a tiny lumber settlement on an unnavigable river—with no road except a "carry" between two lakes—can face anything from a forest fire to a baby without benefit of doctor. Tragedy, of course, intervenes. The writer's delightful husband and Gerrish, their unforgettable retainer, die with the suddenness that so often crowns arduous and responsive lives. The children's schooling, under a new dispensation which refuses to send teachers into the wilds, brings the author into a town for ten months out of twelve. She herself endorses this programme. Yet her own community is obviously far more educational than its small-town alternative; and though a first-class urban schooling may release a man or woman for the land, a second-class one is likely to keep what it catches.

H. P. E.

#### Authorship from Dryden to Pope

*Men of Letters and the English Public in the Eighteenth Century* (KEGAN PAUL, 25/-), admirably translated by Mr. E. O. LORIMER, is a well-known work of French scholarship, which was first published in 1881. Its author, ALEXANDRE BELJAME, appears to have been greatly influenced by the overriding importance Taine attached to a writer's environment, and, as the thorough and brilliant editor of this book, Professor BONAMY DOBRÉE, frequently points out, he is prone to excessive simplification, and is too ready to accept the statements of satirists and the raiillery of comic dramatists as police-court evidence. But in its broad outline his theme is excellently worked out.

He opens with the status of writers in the reign of Charles II and sums it up in "Neither money nor honour—such, in a couple of words, was the plight of authors after the Restoration." The professional writers had to flatter the aristocratic amateurs, and if they betrayed their contempt for the patrons they were toadying were liable, as Dryden found, to be waylaid and cudgelled. Under William III, power shifted to his Ministers. Anxious to conciliate the middle classes, who were beginning to read, the Ministers paid court to writers, and there was a golden age of well-remunerated posts for flexible and intelligent men of letters. This period ended with Walpole, whose maxim of government, *Quia non movere*, did not dispose him to encourage polemics. The age of patrons was over, the age of publishers had begun.

H. K.

### Portrait of a French Family

M. GABRIEL CHEVALLIER'S *Clochemerle* is surely one of the funniest satires France has ever given us. Its reflection of provincial intrigue leaves humanity blushing for itself. His new novel, *The Euffe Inheritance* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 10/6), though it sets out in a blaze of irony and is shot through with humour, is much more serious work, a complete portrait of a wealthy bourgeois family in the town of Grenoble. After a lifetime spent soberly in nursing an immensely successful grocery, M. Constant Euffe flings his bonnet over the mill; and one May morning he is blithely on his way to carry bon-bons to his mistress when a vase, toppling for curious reasons from a window high above him, punctuates his newfound bliss. He leaves a scandal and a large fortune, and the book tells us how these react on his widow and his children. It is a wonderfully vivid picture of the pigeon-holed social life of a French town, of its carefully calculated custom and ritual, of the awful and joyless struggle of money to unite with blood; sardonic towards materialism but quite saved from acidity by its lyrical treatment of love and its beautiful descriptions of the Dauphiné. There are Euffes and Euffes (as the curate discovered), but in Alberte M. CHEVALLIER has added to his brilliant assortment of types perhaps the most elusive of all, the girl with the golden heart who is nothing but attractive. Sometimes he writes with a frankness which may jar a little, sometimes his revelations of character too eagerly overlap. To those fond of France such flaws will not mar the enjoyment of an outstanding novel.

E. O. D. K.

### Backwoods of Boston

Those consumed with curiosity as to the odd doings of their neighbours can make amends through such records as *Linden on the Saugus Branch* (CRESSET PRESS, 12/6) for any lack of character among their contemporaries. Mr. ELLIOT PAUL has only to go back fifty years, and the suburb of a Boston suburb, ineligibly situated between swamp and forest, can discover enough queer and cranky folk to people four hundred pages. If you are no amateur of Mass Observation methods, however imaginatively qualified and deftly put over, this is not your book; the more so as it starts with a motif which might have been a plot but fails to stay the course. Mr. PAUL'S rather Breughlesque figures include a neurotic schoolmistress, a duck-shooting doctor, a burly female medium, a peppery Welsh minister, his moth-eaten little wife, and any amount of small fry. All enjoy ill-health or are excessively tough. The chronicler, who was reared in Linden, eyes it—as well he may—with distaste. Only one bouquet, but that a bright one, is handed out. Linden's cuisine—vividly, but too briefly,

described—was excellent. Nowadays, we learn, "the nation is deplorably fed, with a standard of cooking as low as can be found anywhere on this planet, save possibly in England."

H. P. E.

### Tragi-Comedy in Camberwell

*The Causeway* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) is a first novel bearing few of the marks of immaturity. The novice is apt to plump exclusively for either the solemn or the frivolous, but Miss WINIFRED LEAR has already a light touch on matters essentially serious. She recognizes that social comedy and private tragedy may be but different facets of the same situation. Not that the private tragedies of her two main characters are irrevocable, but the pathos of their positions, before the final solution, is actual enough: Davina, daughter and mainstay of a more-than-eccentric rector, thirty-six and in love with a bright lad of two-and-twenty, and Rick, the self-made pedagogue, trying to obscure the native slum behind an invented *persona*, and floundering into humiliation through his half-spontaneous mendacities. Miss LEAR presents Davina in the gay light of her brief idyll and sees Rick through the eyes of the spirits both of pity and of irony, exhibiting his antics with a sort of sympathetic ruthlessness. If there is criticism to be made of her manipulation of her story it is that its conclusion becomes rather too early obvious; that after the disappearance of the debonair Toby from the centre of the scene it sags and lags a little, the humours of the Camberwell rectory—of servant problem, maiden aunt and air-raid shelter—getting disproportionate attention; and that Rick, as he grows in grace and favour, grows also in sententiousness. Nevertheless, it is a very pleasant story.

F. B.





## Invitation to Millinery

LADY, though you wear  
cherries or hothouse grapes  
upon your head,  
I am your sworn accomplice.  
I too am there.  
I perch within your mind  
like sparrows in the heart  
of winter holly,  
there but unseen,  
present but apart,  
for we have stooped to folly.  
My cheep is audible to the elect;  
my rustle as I hop  
from sense's branch to sense's  
branch

is a small sound.  
I am unobserved  
save to your inward eye,  
and you enjoy  
my secret threat to your integrity.  
No other living soul  
can see me as I move,  
yet I am there,  
sitting under your ridiculous hats,  
safe beneath your jet-black hair.

Your finery is dear to me.  
I would not abate one jot of it.  
I shall encourage you with shouts  
to pile upon your head  
slices of cold goose  
and silken brussels sprouts  
and fruit and felt and flowers  
against the sensuous sheen  
of deep red velvet  
slashed with olive green.  
You shall not escape the whole of  
cookery.

You shall outdo  
the luscious brilliance  
of tropical jungles,  
loaded with extravagant orchids  
and hovered over by humming birds.  
I shall order you the gardens of  
Babylon;

I shall condemn you to peacocks;  
I shall chastise you with pheasants;

you shall tickle my lips with nodding  
ostrich—  
and all to our immense and joint  
delight,  
my secret soul.

Sometimes Arabia Deserta  
will ring your face with white,  
or fez's blood and tassel  
sit you rakishly  
like a bedouin an Arab mare  
showing off to the sky and the sand.  
So I sit your mind.

Whenever you look into mirrors  
I shall arrive  
without a card or a spoken invitation,  
just a man alive.

You will pose with confident care  
and I shall laugh for joy,  
sitting under your ridiculous hats,  
safe beneath your jet-black hair.

Come, let them experiment with red  
hibiscus,  
let them fill your ears with Devon  
violets,  
let them grow hyacinth bulbs  
in a pot on your brow.  
Let them make your summer halo  
a wreath of Red Admirals,  
cause you for a season to exude the  
odour of pines,  
or in winter weave you chaplets of  
snow.

Let them pull down the purple of the  
evening  
to cut you veils,  
or in a cage of plaited silver  
cap you with nightingales.

Shall I compel them to compose in fur?  
Shall they populate your sitting-room  
with herds of mink?  
Shall they slip seals in your bath  
and invite Russian sables to tea?  
Shall they bring woods full of ermine  
and skip through the trees to catch  
squirrel?

Shall they adorn your cranium with  
ocelot  
or get industrious beavers  
to dam your liquid eyes?  
Whatever they do,  
let us pray  
that the world greet the result  
with startled cries.

Come, let us dive  
into the milliners' dens  
and beard the constructors of hats  
with vast and momentous encourage-  
ment.

Let us take with us alchemists.  
Let us crowd the Georgian doorway  
with soothsayers, Chaldeans, his-  
torians.

Let us fill the wide hall with the  
tones  
of magi declaiming of hats at the  
courts of old Egypt,  
yet warning us not to neglect  
the Hottentot's butter and bones.  
Let us bring with us Mexicans,  
let us be attended by Chinese man-  
darins,

let us have cheerful Tibetans,  
Mongols, Hungarians in droves.  
Let them all wear  
their most elaborate coifs  
and headgear deep-rooted  
in the forgotten past,  
and at last,  
when jammed to suffocation,  
crammed and stuffed  
with the imagination  
and with the dreams  
of limitless epochs,  
as the assistants faint  
and the visitors roar  
for slivovitz, vodka, koumiss,  
tokay and madeira,  
champagne and old ale,  
let us demand loudly and with threats  
nothing less than the impossible—  
a new hat.

Here ends Mr. Punch's Two



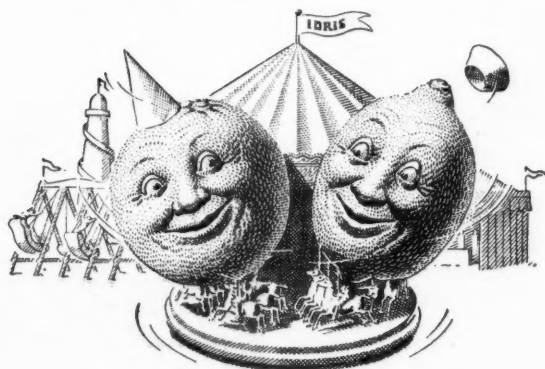
Hundred and Fourteenth Volume

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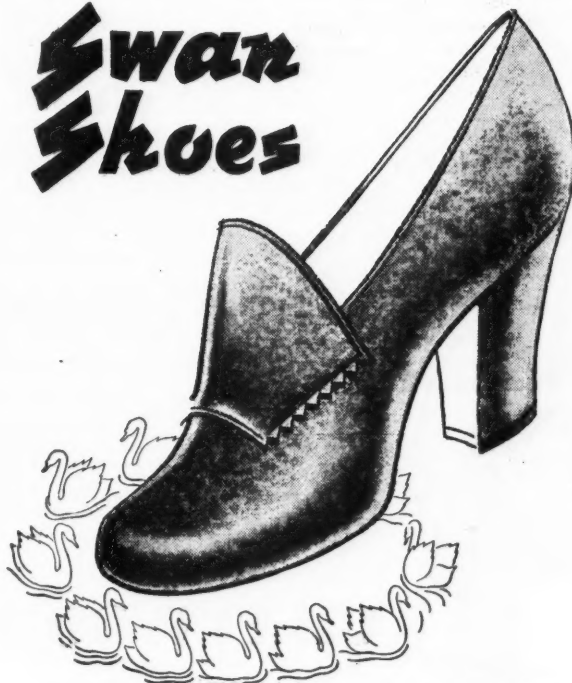
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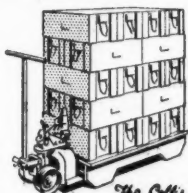
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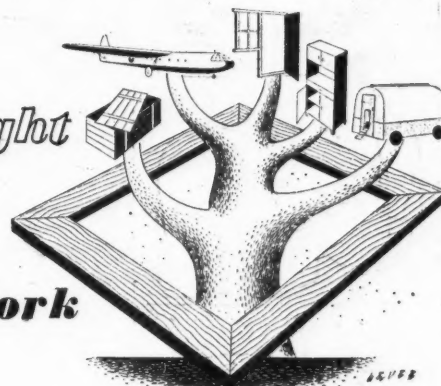
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